

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXI.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1864.

NUMBER 158.

Daily Democrat

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT
TO THE COUNTRY.

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SIX MONTHS. 6.00

ONE MONTH. 1.00

Notice to Mail Subscribers.
Subscribers are supplied with a notice of the date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time; and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time to make a late of the paper.

Christmas.
To-day is Christmas—jolly, burly old Christmas, with his bunches of evergreen and winter berries; his flowing bowls of egg-nog and round dancing. To-day, or rather even since yesterday, with a preliminary picket firing for a week previous, all sorts of Chinese fire-crackers, Roman candles, spitting devils and the like wonderful works which pyrotechnical genius can invent, will be abundant. The air will have a sulphurous smell, mixed up with its sharp Christmas jollity and bracing atmosphere. Torpedoes will crack their terrors on and about the streets in a manner that will make the expidits on the James river absurdly insignificant. Signal rockets—rockets which signal the jolly advent of Christmas—will fly high in the heaven, flinging out their stars and cracking their startling serpents on the sky. Pistols will play enthusiastic welcomes. Happy the boy who has been able by luck or economy to get a fragment of an old brass-barreled pistol with a wide muzzle, that belches like a forty-pounder. No soldier grasping the hard-won honors of war, or lover for the first time unfolding the coy sweetmeats of first love, has a joy equal his. And with hesitating steps and a long lighted wick in his outstretched hand, he touches on the plugh of powder in the pan of the old flint-lock. The loud report is a note that thrills with a pride second, if to any thing, only to that which fills pappy's bosom at the screen of his first-born. He is henceforth Grant, Sherman, Lee & Co., all rolled into one, with a glorious career of a life to come that is to be all cannons and Christmases.

OLD-FASHIONED COMFORTS.—Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, hardy and hardy on the cradle. They were content to be almost without the luxuries of life, but they had a sense of its comforts, or which many of us are strangers (old-fashioned comforts, we may say); and among these the old fire place, as it used to be termed, had no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the older time comes to our mind, with its plain furniture and sanded floor, innocent of paint, but as white as the neatest of house-wives could make it. In one corner of the room, the clock, its very face wearing an aspect of good cheer, and seemed to emit beams of light upon a miniature moon overhead, which tradition said had, at a remote period, followed the rising and the setting of its great prototype in the heavens, though its days of active service were long ago over.

But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor, nor the high desk with its pigeon-holes and secret drawers, which a venturesome youngster dared to open, but the old rock, rocking to and fro in the corner of the fire place, with its old-fashioned fire place, with its blazing embers, huge back-log, and iron fire-dogs that shed glory over the whole room, gladdening the plain and homely furniture with its light, and rendered the place a type of true New England in "ye olden times."

Never was there such apparel as those which swung around and around upon strings before the bright fire of a winter's evening; never such baked potatoes as those buried deep in the ashes upon the earth, with their skins unbroken; those which caught golden hue from the blazing embers, or like those turned upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors, to suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was a wooden settle, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evening, telling stories, cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom, and gazing in silence into the fire, and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque and fanciful images from among the burning embers. No fabled genii, with magic lamps of enchantment, could build such gorgeous palaces, or create such gems as the child could discern amid the blazing embers of the old-fashioned fire place.

And we must not neglect the chimney corner, where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat, his hair silveryed by the snows of many winters—a venerable man whom we used to come "rostily but kindly" when the days were like those of an Indian summer, when the sun was beautiful, even till the stars appeared in heaven.

Jolly Christmas! It is not only to the children he comes with a delight, but to the older ones.

To the youth who, with a manly ambition, takes a strange pleasure in making himself rich on his first cigar, or wine in his first coat, it is joy forever. Of course, this has no reference to those unfortunate manikins who smoke from infancy, and are born with a tail-coat of the latest Parisian fashion on their backs. There is no such thing as Christmas to them, and no benevolent society could carry it to that blue land where they live. Poor things! They never can see Christmas or believe fairy stories, or find real sweetmeats or anything else in this world they love more than themselves.

But to those more fortunate; to those well turned into their teens, whose young hearts begin to swell with an ineffable shame-faced delight at the fair school-girls they meet, and who put on a gruff, manly air, while their coward hearts are fluttering with delicious apprehension and desire; and to the bonnie little belles who, with more confidence, but no more courage, respond to these manifestations with many a coquettish air and grace, learned just as the duck learned how to swim; to them Christmas means oceans of fun; fun of the real boy and girl kind, when once the ice is broken and the house in ball and parlour is full of "blind-man's buff," "spin the plate," "stage-coach," "here we go round the rose-bush," and such jolly, uproarious games, where fun comes out and primness sits in the corner.

So their elders—those who are, or think themselves, of a marriageable age—welcome this season of merriment, when the young snakes are thrown off and "yea look love to eyes that speak as well," and things go like marriage bells or bells. The little rings, the hand plays, and the graceful waltz and the gay cutlions welcome old Christmas among the young folks as if he came as royal Hybris himself, with ring and bridal veil in his hand. The waves of voluptuous music do like wine into their hearts, and in the sweet panes of the dance words are whispered—the same old story that thousands of years can never make seem old. You can see what it is in the shy blush and shy meeting of the hands, and know that two persons will remember Christmas, 1864.

Christmas comes, too, with his benign on the middle-aged. He laughs over the steaming bowls of egg-nog and apple-soddy, and is boisterous with anecdote. He rules the roast turkey, and has an especial seasoning in the oyster-soup and chicken salad; and when night comes, with a sky full of golden stars, to the dance at night, it is a royal pleasure to see the handsome people—men and wife for ten or fifteen or

years—stand out on the floor to rival their juniors with the steps and graces of that bright time of their youth.

"When jolly old Virginia rods Put life and mirth in their heads!" With such Time deals gently. If many Christmases have snowed a frost upon their heads, it is a halo and jocund frost that belongs to the youthful bloom that still mantles on their cheeks. They cannot get old, for every Christmas adds new the wine of life, and it is only out of respect for an old custom that Father Time is allowed to give them some appearance of age.

In their eyes the same warm soul looks upon the world, and in their hearts the same old familiar songs of youth are still repeated over and over, with the same tender love and pathos as when old they first told over the simple love story that is not yet finished.

To them and to all of whom we have written each recurring Christmas brings new blessings. To some whose fortunes have been harder; whom war and want have driven upon the charity of the world, old Father Christmas too should be a blessing. He can and will brighten their poor homes; send again a faint bloom to faded cheeks and awaken dear old recollections in a likeness of prosperous days. To do this all those whom Christmas brings unalloyed happiness should give something, that it may be a day of general rejoicing and oblivion of pain and sorrow throughout the land.

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1864.

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For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.
LINES TO ***.

This life is now dreary,
My bosom grows weary,
And all that I loved is now fading away;
Yet on my heart's fingers
The touch of soft fingers,
And memory still washes a long-ago lay.

It sings of the flowers—
The green shade bowers,
Where all have I slept when sorrows were dear;
Dimples all sadness,
And brings all sadness,
And brings the sweet bird-song again to my ear.

And oft in my dreams,
Unto my heart seeming
Portrait is the cottage I loved long ago;
Mid the tall leafy trees,
Where the cool evening brooks
Sang soft pleasant songs as they waltzed to and fro.

Still wond'ring and thinking,
My full soul is drinking
The pleasures that live on my youth's gold page;
Those dreams cannot vanish,
My heart cannot banish
The sweethearts they bring to the memory of age.

For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.
TO "NINA."

"Twere wrong those soul-like eyes of thine
Should smile so sweet on me;
I cannot keep those eyes of mine,
Sweet girl, away from thee."

The Angels of the world above;
Those eyes could not admire;
For they could meet a heart in love,
Or set all on fire.

It seems to me it is a sin
To let those eyes be free;
To seize my love and lock it in
Your heart—the laugh at me!

Oh and were strangers still;
I'd give the world I could forget
To love thee—pshaw! my will!

No matter when we meet, or where,
"Tis my request of thee—
Pon' keep them off me.

WILL.

LEXINGTON, Dec. 21, 1864.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Selected and prepared for the Sunday Democrat,
BY "SYAH."

"I clapped her tiny hand in mine,
I clasped her blushing form,
I vowed to shield her from the wind
And from the world's cold storm.
The tears did wildly flow,
And with her little lips she said—
"Confound you, let me go!"

"What's your name, sunny?"
"Bulger, sir."

"Who gave you that name?"
"Newboys I runs with."

"Thomas to Hood—if you're coming,
why don't you come on?"

Sensitive lady from the country looking
for a coach—"Pray, sir, are you engaged?"
Cahman—"Oh, bless your purty soul, man, I have been married this seven years, and have twelve married children."

"What are you reading, my dear?"
"Mind your own business." New work by Miss Lizzie Bell.

"How dat, Sambo? you say you was at New York on the same night?"
"Yes, Julius, you did for sartah. Yer see, our Coland, say he, 'boys, strike for your country and your home!' Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile he struck for home. Dat explains de matter, yea?"

We would like to have a quill from the right wing of Hood's army.

Nashville has a hard name—Rock City.

A Forrest has been discovered in the neighborhood of Nashville.

General Thomas thinks there's plenty of whisky in his neighbor-Hood.

"Bill, is dey guine for to draf' all de mules?"

"But be you—you better bids yo' sef."

A horse that won't drafted—saw-horse.

THE BONNIE LASSES.

Was not dear woman given—
To temporal savage man?
Ay, but in her drawn—
Delightful, lovely, pure, and kind;
Angels both in form and mind.

A blind man has been made to see—he stole a cup and saw-sir.

The chap who "kicked the bucket" bursted his boot.

The fellow who threw a kiss at a young lady struck her on the lips with it.

Help the poor, the rich can help themselves.

A young lady sent her love to us, in a letter—another male robbed—we didn't get it.

Let your first drink of liquor be your last.

The young lady who was brought to grief, has been sent back.

The chap who was caught stealing lard said he was getting—fat.

What's the difference between a solar light and a light solar? One is the sun, the other the lady's shoemaker.

Don't curse the President—he ain't worth a curse.

Our city can boast of a good many young men of standing—around the corner.

I'm promoting a soldier—kicking him up stairs.

Is a shrewd man a smart one?

Male to horse—"How are you, conscript?"

Town on the Nashville railroad—Gal-lie.

If a gentleman tread on your dress, ask him if he's pointer or setter—he's on trail?

Making a friend is one thing—keeping him is another.

Young woman I if a rich young man asks you to marry him, and has no occupation, or trade, or calling, by which he could make a living if he were thrown on his own resources, you may give him your respect, but give him the mittens.—[Doctor Hall.]

Miss Dr. Harriett K. Hunt says, in her protest against being taxed while denied the right to vote, "events are shaping themselves for the highest expression of philanthropy—of love to the neighbor." Glad to hear it—so will people be near Grant and Sherman.

A letter from Montreal says: "It was evident to spectators in the room, that the raiders would be discharged when he died, leaving his widow and six girls in dire destitution. In seventeen years the sweet and joyous and beautiful girl had become a broken-hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a house full of helpless children.

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HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE—

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

SUNDAY, DEC. 26, 1861.

CITY NEWS.

The Enrollment List.

We publish this morning the enrollment list of the First ward, as furnished by the Provost Marshal and the committee of the Council. In the Journal of to-day may be found a similar list for the Second and Third wards. All persons who are exempted from disability, allegiance, unsuitableness of age or otherwise are required to appear before the Provost Marshal at once, with proper evidence, and obtain the necessary papers, so that their names will be struck from the enrollment list. They only have until the 31st of December in which to attend to this matter.

Yon Strikes the Nashville Railroad—Bursts a Train, &c.

Friday evening some 150 or 200 rebels, said to belong to Lyon's forces, made their appearance on the Nashville railroad between Nolin and Glendale. The extra passenger train coming north in charge of Captain Thomas, was thrown from the track, and all on board were taken prisoners, robbed, &c., after which they set the train on fire and destroyed it. They cut the telegraph wire in three or four places, and made an attack on a stockade at Valley rack bridge, but failed to do any harm there.

The passenger train which arrived in this city Friday made a narrow escape. When it arrived at Elizabethtown there were one hundred rebels up in town, but before they had time to reach the depot the train was off for this city. In twenty minutes after the rebels destroyed the railroad bridge, and are supposed to have burned the depot and courthouse. Friday night they burned the Nolin bridge, 180 feet long, and destroyed two gun boats on the road some distance this side of Elizabethtown.

CITY.—Yesterday was a pleasant day "over head," very sloppy on the sunny, and slippery on the shady side of the streets. A great many ladies were out laying in their holiday supplies and gifts and good things for the little ones. Shooting crackers, rabbles, pop-guns, &c., were brought into requisition much to the delight of little boys and bright of horses dealers in crockeryware, glass, &c., are warned to keep their establishments closed during egg-hunting excitement. Persons who can afford too much of it about their purses are apt to throw stones. We have to-day two good days in one—Sunday and Christmas—and while we are in the full enjoyment of the one we must not forget the other. There was considerable business transacted yesterday—of which the confectioners and toy-shops done a large amount. The maidens were crowded in the afternoon. The day passed off quietly; no important arrests or disturbances. We hope it will be quiet and peaceful.

POLICE PROCESSION.—Saturday, Dec. 24.—Elizabeth Comer, disorderly conduct by scolding her husband; continued until Monday.

Han Johnston (f. m. c.), drunk and abuse of wife; fined \$5.

Edward Fitzgerald, drunkenness, this being his first appearance on the stage, he was discharged.

Alfred McGaw, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; fined \$5.

Emma Upton, alias Jones, shop lifting; witness not appearing was discharged.

Mike Jennings and Mary Jennings, stealing a pocket-book worth about \$100 from John Morrow; discharged.

B. G. Bennett and Wm. Comstock, stealing furs from Jacob Coop; each held in \$300 to answer.

CONCERT AT THE FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL.—Our readers will notice by reference to our "educational column" that the talents of our exquisite music have had a trial test in store for them next Thursday night, at the chapel of the Female High School. It is seldom that such a combination of our best musical talent is presented. The object—the benefit of the Philanthropic Cabinet—a noble one, and the friends of education are under great obligations to the distinguished performers for their voluntary service. We hope that a full house will greet them.

SHOT.—Yesterday two boys, in—William Bender and Peter Dugay, on the corner of Wenzel and Walnut streets, were playing with pistols. Bender pointed his at Dugay, and told him he intended to shoot him. Now knowing it was loaded, he pulled the trigger, and the ball passed through Dugay's arm and is feeling a painful wound. Little boys have no business with pistols.

EXCHANGED PRISONERS.—In a list of exchanged prisoners at Ansonville, on the 17th instant, we find the following from Kentucky: Lieutenant W. Christopher, K. Sec. cavalry; Lieutenant H. C. Dunn, K. First cavalry; Lieutenant H. G. Bowler, K. First artillery; Lieutenant M. B. Bellman, K. Eleventh artillery.

PERMITS.—The following number of permits have been issued at headquarters during the past week:

Generals..... 54
Sergeants..... 165
Sergeants..... 165
Ammunition..... 300
Total..... 489

FANCY GOONS.—We direct the attention of our readers to the advertisements of Mrs. T. C. Midleton, in the Democrat this morning, who has a very complete's establishment, filled with fancy goods suitable for ladies. Give her a call at No. 315 Fourth street, east side, between Market and Jefferson streets.

There was very little business transacted at the office of the Provost Marshal yesterday. The clerks are preparing for the enjoyment of the holidays, preparatory to entering upon their duties for another year in Uncle Sam's service.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.—The Rev. Mr. Fenton, from Newcastle, Indiana, will preach at the Baptist Church, on Market street, below Fourth, this morning at 11 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock this evening, December 26, 1861.

BARRACKS NO. 1.—Barracks was bright yesterday. Two hundred convalescents arrived from various points. A lot of men started to Nashville, but General Lyon sent them back.

The funeral of the late Walker Morris, Esq., will take place this (Sunday) morning, at 10 o'clock, from the Christian Church, corner of Fourth and Walnut streets.

FEDERAL GUERRILLAS.—Wm. H. Weldon, Joe Bowers (the butcher) and Sol Burkhardt, all Federal soldiers, were arrested yesterday for committing depredations on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. They have been keeping company with guerrillas.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.—The office of Dr. Penny in another column. His office is on the east side of Fifth street, between Market and Jefferson.

There are about three hundred and fifty refugees at the homes prepared for them in this city.

There are no Confederate prisoners now confined in the military prison in this city.

See notice of Fugitive Brotherhood.

GUERRILLAS ON THE LOWER OHIO.

The Steamer Morning Star Captured—Passenger Robbed, &c.

The Morning Star, on her way from Henderson, landed at Louisville, on Friday afternoon, when she was seized by a gang of guerrillas, numbering fifty, who were under the command of Capt. Bill Davidson and one Custer. Upon boarding the boat they at once commenced a system of wholesale robbery, and soon the passengers or officers of the boat escaped the vigilance of the highwaymen. The passengers and crew of the boat were unarmed with the exception of the revenue agent and one passenger. The revenue agent, knowing full well that it would not be safe for him to fall into the hands of the guerrillas, went to the lower deck, where he played the part of cool-heaver; but this did not suffice the guerrillas, who searched and relieved him of a pair of revolvers and a watch.

The guerrillas, after robbing every one in the cabin, went to the lower deck, where they found three Federal soldiers who had been discharged, and at once commenced firing upon them. At the first shot one was killed, and the surviving two, who were wounded, jumped overboard, one of whom was drowned, while the other reached the shore. During the excitement, Thomas Lewis, steward of the boat, either jumped or was knocked overboard, which is not known; as he is still missing, it is feared that he was drowned.

While in the cabin, the guerrillas fired several shots at a negro boy, but fortunately no one was hit. Two of the party, John Kene and Robert L. Scott, remained on the boat and were captured and brought to this city as prisoners.

While carrying on their robbery on the deck, a poor widow woman was robbed of 15 cents in money and a minstrel. The passengers and crew of the boat, seeing her position, raised a purse for her, and she was brought into the cabin. It was through her that the two guerrillas who remained on board were captured.

Assassinations.

The Opera—On Saturday night Grover's Grand Opera gave, in accordance with the published cast, one act of "Tannhauser" and "A Night in Granada."

The singing and acting was entirely satisfactory to the audience, which was, we repeat, very small, but being Christmas Eve, "A Tarnhauser" and "A Night in Granada" could not have been expected.

Mr. Grover announces three nights more of the remarkable season of grand opera. Monday evening, December 26th, 1861, Beethoven's masterpiece, Fidelio, which opera, for its purity and delineations, acknowledges no rival. We earnestly hope our citizens will neglect this opportunity to hear this opera, which is the crowning glory of Beethoven's genius.

WOODS.—THURSTON.—Miss Olive Logan closed her engagement at this popular place of amusement last night. On Monday night the great spectacle of the Seven Sisters will be produced, very small, but being Christmas Eve, "A Tarnhauser" and "A Night in Granada" could not have been expected.

Captain J. Backer, Hopkinsville, Ky., Fifty-second Kentucky, Military Conductor, &c.—cash \$60, watch and locket \$100, pistol \$40, total, \$200.

W. C. Long, boat-carpenter, \$5.

M. C. Tunell, boat pilot, watch and chain, \$300.

Charles M. Coloma, Adams & Co. Express agent—cash \$20, express \$60; total, \$80.

J. L. Muller, keeper, cash \$40.

Morning Star safe \$700.

A negro man, belonging to Clay Elliot, of Owensboro, cash \$70.

A deckhand, name unknown, is reported to have lost \$600.

Captain J. McDowell, cash \$170.

J. L. Lambert, Henderson, Ky., overcoat \$45.

J. Heyman, Henderson, silver change \$150.

Thos. F. Bird, Golconda, Ill., cash \$44.

W. H. Faulder, Henderson, Ky., coat, overcoat, pistol, &c., \$40.

N. T. Groves, French Island, cash \$47.

W. H. Johnson, Owenton, cash \$47.

Jacob John, Louisville—cash \$52, shirt \$4; total, \$56.

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(From the Boston Courier.)

DEAD.

(Written by a member of the Legislature of Charlottetown, B. C., on the death of his wife.)

Dear friends! how little thought
As a whisper that cruel word to my ear,
How it goes me to the awful brink
Of a great spiritual ruin.

To bring her children a tear to weep,
Or a smile from my pallid lips,
But what henceforth can I fear or feel,
In love's eclipse?

Take them away! All the mother's anguish
In his frank blue eye and smiling counte-

nce, And the laughing lips and dimpled cheeks
Are but half my life.

Fool! in my madness I never dreamed
That I could pass through death's dark
portal!

To my blind eyes it always seemed
That love was immortal.

What else could I read in her glowing face,
In the heavenly depths of her sweet eye,
How it glowed in her sweet embrace,
Lest she might die!

Deaf! What's that? Not our love, I weep!
She does not stir at my passionate glances,
But although a thousand years rolled between
That hour and this,

She would seem the same in her snowy dress,
My bosom! I bethold the golden hair!

And my heart in forehead I stopt to weep
As she is to-day?

I know that those eyes have lost their light,
Whose fringes are sweeping a marble cloud,
They are dimmed with soft delight
To words that speak.

And the hands that love me on often pressed—
Dear hands so eager to work my will—
Now dumbly crossed over her wavy breast,
And cold and still.

But her heart is mine by her wifely vow,
In her maiden truth she gave it to me,
And I will hold it over it now,
Wherever it be!

You may bury her down in her earthly bed,
But love is stronger than death or the grave,
And will follow for the loving dead
That it could not save.

But sometimes' ere, beyond the rolling stars,
When my spirit its mortal cords shall sever,
She will spring to my arms in that realm on high,
And be mine forever.

Dead! but on her dead heart I pray
To these God who giveth no evil in vain;
When the last roll the stone away,
I will rise again.

—Friend Paul!—This will introduce to the
friend Charles Copeland. He has
come to my city in pursuit of business. I
have known him from youth up. The
most depend upon him for aught that he
can do, and shall not let me upon a broken
reed. If thou canst do anything for him
that may prevent us from being yester
and submit it to the inspection of the read
er.

ANNIE,

—OR—

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of
(do not start, reader) 27, and yet in a state
of single blessedness. Somehow or other
she had not fallen in love yet. "Other
no offer?" What a simple question! Did
you ever know half a million of dollars
go to beggary? Often? Yes, scores of
them! It may be accounted one of her
oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject
happened to be touched upon by her
she would say that she wanted
some one who could be her, herself,
and she must be the assurance of that, and
how could she be her own best self?

Thus matters stood, when Annis was led to
form and execute what will appear a very
strange resolution—but she was a simple
girl. We must go back six years.

The clerk saw on the outside, "Mrs.
Richards, No. 69—street." The door
bell was rung. The servant ushered Cop
eland into a small, neat parlor, where sat
a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty
years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in
knitting a stocking. One friend bowed,
and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

"She is not here, but is expected present
ly; will you be seated?" There was an
easy chair, a sofa, and an armchair, all
of which seemed to belong to the person
to whom they referred.

The maid, who had been seated at the
table, left her, and in the course of her
relations, left her to the care of Mrs. Richards.

Madame Roland was at evening urging
Vergniaud to rally the Girondists party at
every hazard, to arrest the assassins. "The
only hope of France," said she, "is the
succor of the law. This atrocious carnage
causes thousands of hearts to thrill with
horror. All the wise, and good in France,
and in the world, will rise to sustain those
who avenge their own hearts as a barrier to
arrest such enormities."

"What avail," was the reply of Vergniaud,
"such exertions be? The assassins
are too numerous; and an army of
men, like us, will be easily overcome by
the multitude."

The stranger might have been some 30
years or so of age. He was dressed in
black, a mourning weed was in his hat,
and there was something in his appearance
which seemed to indicate that the friend
whose loss he deplored had recently de
parted. The letter of introduction which
he presented to Mrs. Richards was
strangely protracted, but at length she
had made her appearance. The document was
presented; a glance at the outside.

"Mr. Copeland?" Charles bowed. "Miss
Peyton?" The young boy was pale, and
when they were introduced, there was no
particular reason for remaining any longer,
and our friend took his departure.

That night Annis said to Mr. Paul, "I like
his appearance, father."

"Forward; march!" said old Paul, and
he looked at his daughter with vast satis
faction.

"The bold man's an avate to-night as
a new parrot," said James to the cook.

The maid, Charles Copeland came
near, smiling, several times, "Miss
Peyton, Dr.," as he was making out some
bill of Jacobin soldiery.

"Delivered the paper last evening?"
Copeland bowed.

"Mrs. Richards—she is a old friend—
Richards circumstances—the young lady, Pay
ton, worth her weight in gold any day—
have her myself if I could."

"How much you remind me of Mr. Bro
men," said Charles, one evening, to Annis.
"I think you said you were a relation of
his."

She remained in Paris, and soon perished
upon the gallows. The convention con
sidered leaders of the Jacobins, and
Jacobs accused them of treason, and
overawing the members of the convention
by a mob, caused the accusation and con
demned them to death. It was then voted
that all Paris should be illuminated in view
of the triumph of the people. At midnight
the whole convention, in procession, trav
ersed the brilliant streets, leaping to grace
their triumph, the doomed Girondists. They
were then consigned to the Conser
vative, that is, the royalist, Sum
mer, that was to be held at the Concier
gery, and were, while illustrations of the
gallows were hung up, and the
guards, who had been to witness the
execution, they struggled to sustain each
other to meet that fate which they knew
could not be avoided.

At length the hour of final triumph came.

With the most imposing military array of
infantry, cavalry and artillery to guard
against the possibility of any counter rev
olution, the prisoners were conducted, in a
march, to the Conciergery, and were committed
to the care of the judges. It was the month of October, 1793. At
eleven o'clock at night, they were brought in,
and were doomed to be hanged, in the
gallows, in the courtyard of the Concier
gery, and immediately withered.

"Yes, Mr. Copeland, even kinder than you
think for."

At eight o'clock precisely the doorman of
Mr. Bromen's mansion rang. Mr. Charles
Copeland was ushered in by his friend James.
Old Paul took him kindly by the hand,
and, entering room, sharply introduced
him to Mrs. Richards, and Miss Peyton
and immediately withered.

"Charles, will you forgive me this?"
He was too much astonished to make any
reply. "If you only knew all my feelings
and motives, I am sure you would."

That the motives and feelings were soon
explained to his satisfaction, no one will
doubt.

"Copeland, my dear fellow, shouted
old Paul, as he entered the room, "no use
of long engagement."

"No, us, say; married now—get ready
affairs: next Monday evening, who
cares? Wait it over; feel satisfied. Shan't
have you—no words—partner is all
done—no alter it—quiet will you?"

"I wish you had him!" burst forth
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